THE

Weekly Entertainer;

OR,

AGREEABLE and INSTRUCTIVE

REPOSITORY.

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF SELECT PIECES,

BOTH IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

CURIOUS ANECDOTES,

INSTRUCTIVE TALES,

AND

INGENIOUS ESSAYS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

VOL. XXI.

SHERBORNE:
Printed by GOADBY and LERPINIERE.
M.DCC.XCIII.

R. E. 3036

THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 7, 1793.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the Wiſdom of God in the Works of the Creation.

Jovis omnia plena.

WHEN we conſider the many ſtriking inſtances of final cauſes, the numberleſs and undeniable proofs of wiſe deſign and ſkilful execution, which are to be found in the works of God, we are raiſed to the higheſt admiration.—There is ſomething in this ſubject, that naturally kindles a noble enthuſiaſm. For do not all these wonders, O Eternal Mind! Sovereign Architect of All! form a hymn to thy praiſe?

If in the inanimate works of nature thou art ſeen; if in the verdure of the fields, and the azure of the ſkies, the ignorant ruſtic admires thy creative power; how blind muſt that man be, who, looking into himſelf, contemplating this living ſtructure, this moral frame, diſcerns not thy forming hand? What various and complicated machinery is here! and regulated with what exquiſite art!

Whilſt man purſues happineſs, as his chief aim, ſelf-love is bent into the ſocial direction, and a generous principle is implanted in his mind, which makes him feel for ſorrow not his own: nor feels he only, but, ſtrange indeed! takes delight in ruſhing into foreign miſery, and with pleaſure goes to drop the painful tear over real or imaginary woe. It is the divine hand

which thus strongly drew the connecting tie, and linked man to man by a sympathetick power; that nothing might be solitary or desolate in the world which he hath created, but all tend and work toward mutual association.

Nothing is made superfluously severe; nothing is left dangerously loose, in the moral institution of the Creator; but every active principle is made to know its proper place.—In just proportion, man's affection diverges from himself to objects around him. Where the diverging rays, too widely scattered, begin to loose their warmth, they are again collected by the idea of a publick, a country, or the universe; and the dying flame is rekindled. Converging eagerly to this point, behold how intensely they glow!

Within the mind of man the Almighty had placed a light, to direct his otherwise uncertain steps. By this light he is not only assured of the existence, and entertained with all the glories of the material world, but is enabled to penetrate into the recesses of nature. He perceives objects joined together by the mysterious link of cause and effect. The connecting principle, though he can never explain it, he is made to feel, and is thereby instructed how to refer even things unknown to their proper origin. And thus, O Father of the Universe, dost thou gradually lift him up to the knowledge of thyself! The plain and simple sense, which, in the most obvious effect, reads and perceives a cause, brings him strait to thee, the first great cause, the eternal source of all. Thou presentest thyself to us, and we cannot avoid thee. We must doubt of our own existence, if we call in question thine. We see thee by thine own light. We see thee not existing only, but in wisdom and in benevolence supreme, as in existence first.

As spots in the sun's bright orb, so in the universal plan, scattered evils are lost in the blaze of superabundant goodness. Even, by the research of human reason, weak as it is, those seeming evils diminish, and fly away apace. Objects, supposed superfluous, or noxious, have assumed a beneficial aspect. How much more to God's all-penetrating eye must all appear excellent and fair! It must be so. We cannot doubt. Neither imperfection nor malice dwell with him. He appointeth as salutary what we lament as painful: And as at the beginning of days he saw, so he still sees and pronounces, that *every thing he hath made is good.*

M. R. A.

For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Singular Fortitude of a young Lady.

WHEN the mother of the late Thomas Day, Efq. was yet a young unmarried woman, while fhe was walking in company with another young lady through a field, a bull came running up to them with all the marks of malevolence. My friend began to run towards the ftile, but was prevented by Mifs Bonham (the maiden name of Mr. Day's mother,) who told her, that as fhe could not reach the ftile foon enough to fave herfelf, and as it is the nature of thefe animals to attack perfons in flight, her life would be inevitably loft, if fhe chanced to fall; but that if fhe would fteal gently to the ftile, fhe herfelf would take off the bull's attention from her, by ftanding between them. Accordingly, turning her face towards the animal with the firmeft afpect fhe could affume, fhe fixed her eyes fteadily upon his. It is faid by travellers, that a lion itfelf may be controuled by the fteady look of a human being, but that no fooner a man turns his back, than the beaft fprings upon him as his prey. Mifs Bonham, to whom this property of animals feems to have been known, had the prefence of mind to apply it to the fafety of her friend and of herfelf. By her fteady afpect fhe checked the bull's career; but he fhewed the ftrongeft marks of indignation at being fo controuled, by roaring and tearing the ground with his feet and horns. While he was thus engaged in venting his rage on the turf, fhe cautioufly retreated a few fteps, without removing her eyes from him. When he obferved that fhe had retreated, he advanced till fhe ftopped, and then he alfo ftopped and renewed his frantick play. Thus by repeated degrees fhe at length arrived at the ftile, where fhe accomplifhed her fafety; and thus, by a prefence of mind rarely feen in a perfon of her youth and fex, fhe not only faved herfelf, but alfo, at the hazard of her own life, protected her friend.—Some days afterwards this bull gored its mafter.

Curious Remark of a Phyfician.

THE ftory of Æfon becoming young, from the medicated bath of Medea, feems to have been intended to teach the efficacy of warm bathing in retarding the progrefs of old age. The words relaxation and bracing, which are gene-

rally thought expressive of the effects of warm and cold bathing, are mechanical terms, properly applied to drums or strings; but are only metaphors, when applied to the effects of cold or warm bathing on animal bodies. The immediate cause of old age seems to reside in the in-irritability of the finer vessels or parts of our system; hence these cease to act, and collapse or become horny or bony. The warm bath is peculiarly adapted to prevent these circumstances by its increasing our irritability, and by moistening and softening the skin, and the extremities of the finer vessels, which terminate in it. To those who are past the meridian of life, who have dry skins, and begin to be emaciated, the warm bath, for half an hour twice a week, I believe to be eminently serviceable in retarding the advances of age.

The History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Third.

[From the New Annual Register, for the Year 1791.]

Continued from Page 647 of our last Volume.

THE translations from the Latin poets were more numerous than from the Greek. Of these poets, Seneca the tragedian seems to have been no small favourite: Nor will this be though surprising, when we reflect that sound literature, and especially a just taste, were not yet arrived to a great degree of perfection. At different times, and by different poets, a version was completed of the whole of Seneca's ten tragedies; and they were all of them printed together in 1581. The Hyppolitus, the Medea, the Hercules Oeteus, and the Agamemnon, were translated by John Studley, who had been educated at Westminster school, and afterward became a Member of Trinity College, in Cambridge. His Agamemnon, had been separately published fifteen years before, and dedicated to Secretary Cecil. This book is now become so exceedingly scarce, that it is not easy to meet with it in the choicest black letter collections. A whole scene is added by the translator to the end of the fifth act, for the purpose of explaining some circumstances which he imagined had not been sufficiently unfolded by the original writer. Though this attempt to improve the plot of the drama, by a new conduct or contrivance, was, in

in the preſent inſtance, needleſs and improper, it is in one reſpect deſerving of notice, as it ſhews that authors began to think for themſelves, and that they were not always implicitly enſlaved to the preſcribed letter of their models. Studley, who appears to have been a man of talents, was qualified for better things than ſome which were undertaken by him; for he condeſcended to tranſlate Bale's Acts of the Popes. The verſion of the Octavia was done by Thomas Nuce, or Newce, who afterward obtained ſeveral preferments in the church. Alexander Nevyle was the tranſlator of the Œdipus, and he executed the taſk in the ſixteenth year of his age. Notwithſtanding Nevyle's youth, his tranſlation is the moſt ſpirited and elegant verſion in the collection: and it would have been eminently to the advantage of the undertaking if the whole had been executed by him. Through a falſe idea of the gravity which was ſuppoſed to be attached to the clerical character, he ſeems to have been perſuaded by his friends that poetry was only one of the lighter accompliſhments of a young man, and that it ought ſoon to give way to the more weighty purſuits of literature. Nevyle became one of the learned men whom Archbiſhop Parker patroniſed, and reſided with him as his Secretary. He projected an Engliſh tranſlation of Livy, but there is no reaſon to believe that he made any great progreſs in the deſign. The Hercules Furens, the Thyeſtes, and the Troas of Seneca were tranſlated by Jaſper Heywood, ſon of John Heywood the epigrammatiſt. In theſe verſions ſome additions are made to the original writer. Jaſper Heywood, after paſſing through ſeveral ſcenes in life, left England, and became a Catholic Prieſt and a Jeſuit, at Rome. He is ſaid to have been an accurate critic in the Hebrew language, no common quality in thoſe days. The only remaining one of the ten tragedies of Seneca, the Thebais, was tranſlated by Thomas Newton, the publiſher of the whole. He ſeems to have undertaken the buſineſs more from a deſire of completing the collection than from any ſtrong poetical inclination. His verſion is more proſaic than that of moſt of the other tragedies, and it appears to have been his chief aim to preſerve perſpicuity and fidelity. If as an Engliſh poet he obtained no great praiſe, he otherwiſe deſerved well of the literature of this country: For he became famous for the elegance of his Latin poetry, of which he left a ſpecimen in his "*Illuſtrium aliquot Anglorum Encomia.*" He is perhaps the firſt Engliſhman, after Leland, who wrote Latin elegies with a claſſical clearneſs and terſeneſs. Newton was courted

by

by most of the ingenious and learned men of that age, and Robert Earl of Essex was his patron.

Ovid appears to have been another very favourite Latin poet in this period. Early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the four first books of the Metamorphosis were translated by Arthur Golding, and in a short time afterward, he completed the whole. This work was so acceptable to the public, that, in due course, it passed through several editions. Golding's style is poetical and spirited; and though his manner is ornamental and diffusive, it was not carried to such an excess, as to prevent his retaining a sufficient observance of his original. On the whole, as a translator and a poet, he excelled many of his contemporaries. In various cases he shews himself to have felt the imagery, and to have been inspired with the spirit of his author. The Metamorphosis of Golding continued to be a popular book till it was in a great measure superseded, in 1632, by Sandys' translation of the same work of Ovid. Golding distinguished himself as a translator; for he has left versions of many modern Latin writers, which were then of considerably utility, as being adapted to the condition and opinions of the times. Now, indeed, they are forgotten, in consequence of the introduction of better books, and a general change in the system of knowledge. Among other works, he finished a translation of Mornay's French treatise on the Truth of Christianity, which had been begun by Sir Philip Sidney. The only original productions of Golding, were an account of an earthquake in 1580, and a small number of verses. Considering that he was a man of real genius, it would be deemed surprising that he should have confined himself so entirely to the business of a translator, if we did not reflect that, at a period in which English literature still continued in a state of imperfection, the increase of knowledge by the importation of foreign materials was an employment as honourable as it was useful. Golding who was a gentleman by birth, and a native of the city of London, resided with Secretary Cecil; and such was the esteem in which he was held, that he was patronized by the principal characters of the age. His having given a version of the whole Metamorphosis of Ovid, did not prevent some distinct fables of that work from being translated by different writers.—The Fasti of Ovid were rendered into English verse by an author whose name does not appear; and Thomas Underdowne not only gave a translation of the Ibis, but illustrated it with annotations.—Christopher Marloe was so void of principle and of decency, as to translate the elegies of the same poet;

the

the elegant language of which can make no atonement for their obscenities. That Marloe was sensible of his acting wrong, or, at least, that he was in danger of giving offence by his conduct, may be conjectured from his procuring the work to be printed at Middleburg, and without a date. The subterfuge, however, did not avail him; for, by command of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, the book was ordered to be burnt at Stationer's-hall.—Ovid's Remedy of Love met with an anonymous translator.—For a version of the Heroical Epistles, with Sabinus' Answers, the public was indebted to Thomas Turberville, a name at that time of considerable celebrity. This version was so popular as speedily to occasion a demand for three editions. Six of the epistles are in blank verse, and the rest in four-lined stanzas. Turberville was happy in the turn which he gave to various parts of his translation.—There exists, it is said, one of Ovid's Epistles translated by the accomplished Earl of Essex. But if it could be recovered, it is probable that it would only be valued as a curiosity; since it is apparent, from a few of his sonnets which are preserved in the Ashmolean museum, that he was not endued with a poetic genius.—To finish our account of what relates to Ovid, the three first books of his Tristia were translated by Thomas Churchyard. As Churchyard was a man of abilities, it is probable that his version is not destitute of merit; and this we rather judge, as from others of his productions it is apparent that he could occasionally rise to harmonious versification.—There were several short pieces dispersed abroad in this reign, concerning which it is doubtful, whether they were regular translations from Ovid, or poems formed from an imitation of the English editions of his works that were now in circulation.

Very early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, an attention was paid to the prince of Latin poets, Virgil. Thomas Phayer, who in a former article has been mentioned as sustaining the threefold character of poet, lawyer, and physician, and as concerned in the "Mirror of Magistrates," had translated in the life of Mary, the seven first books of the Eneid. He afterward finished the eighth and ninth books, but died soon after he had begun the tenth. This imperfect work, after a space of more than twenty years, was completed by Thomas Twyne, a native of Canterbury, and a physician at Lewes, who had been educated at both of our Universities, was an admirer of John Dee's mysterious philosophy, and patronized by Lord Buckhurst. To the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth books of

Virgil, Twyne added a tranflation of Maphæus' fupplemental book. So well was this work received, that from the year 1584 to 1620, it went through four editions; after which period it became obfolete, and is now totally forgotten. The reafon of Phayer's undertaking his verfion, according to his own account, was to infpire the young nobility, gentry, and ladies of this country with a fenfe of the riches of their native tongue, and to fhew that the Englifh language was not, as too many thought, incapable of propriety and elegance. In the execution of his undertaking he has omitted, mifreprefented, and paraphrafed many paffages of his original; notwithftanding which, his performance is in every refpect fuperior to Twyne's continuation. The meafure is the fourteen-footed Alexandrine of Sternhold and Hopkins; a meafure which, whatever may be judged of it at prefent, was then, from its familiarity, attuned to the popular ear, and ufed in moft works of length and gravity. It feems to have been particularly confecrated to tranflation.—After the exertions of Phayer and Twyne, there was no occafion for others to labour in the fame vineyard, unlefs they could have done it with fuperior fuccefs. This praife does not belong to Robert Stanyhurft, a native of Dublin, who tranflated the four firft books of the Eneid into Englifh hexameters. He was more unfortunate in the meafure of his verfification than his predeceffors, and he was not equal to them in other refpects. Even his contemporaries were fenfible of his defects, and condemned him in ftrong terms. One of them defcribes him as having trod a foul, lumbering, boifterous, wallowing meafure in his tranflation of Virgil. Notwithftanding this miftaken application of his talent, Stanyhurft was a real fcholar, and the author of many theological, philofophical, and hiftorical works. A high character, in point of erudition, is given of him by Camden; and it is reprefented that he was careffed by many foreign princes, on account of his literature and politenefs.—A tranflation of the Bucolics of Virgil was made by Abraham Fleming, whofe plan was to be as literal as poffible, by rendering verfe for verfe. When we have faid this, it will not be imagined that the work was very poetical. Neverthelefs, Fleming met with encouragement enough to engage him to proceed in his career; for, after an interval of fome years, he added the Georgics to the Bucolics. Both the publications were accompanied with notes. The tranflation has been fuppofed to be in the common blank verfe; but it is in the regular Alexandrine without rhyme. Abraham Fleming afterward publifhed feparately the Alexis of Virgil, tranf-

lated into English hexameters, verse for verse. There was some obliquity in the spirit and taste of the age which rendered this eclogue the object of particular selection.—Edmund Spenser condescended to translate, though in a vague and paraphrastical manner, the Culex ascribed to Virgil.

It may be thought extraordinary that Horace's odes should not have been translated during the reign of Elizabeth. Perhaps our countrymen were discouraged by the peculiar nicety and difficulty of the undertaking. With regard, however, to his other works, they assumed a greater degree of courage. Thomas Drant published a translation of the two books of Horace's Satires, which was followed by the Epistles, and the Art of Poetry. The author was at first very paraphrastical, but afterward endeavoured to be so literal as well nigh to render word for word, and line for line. From a passage in the address to the reader it should seem that the booksellers of that period had no great opinion of the success of moral writings. Drant appears to have been fully sensible of the difficulty of his undertaking; for he declares that he could sooner translate twelve verses out of the Greek Homer, than six out of Horace. His sentiment was undoubtedly just; nor was it to be expected that the Satires and Epistles of Horace should be happily rendered into English in the infancy of style and taste, when his delicate turns could not be expressed, nor his humour justly relished, nor his good sense and observations on human life thoroughly understood. Every man of literature knows, that in the politest and most cultivated ages, the successful translators and imitators of this delightful Roman poet have been small in number. It is observable, that Drant undertook his version of Horace, in the specific character of a grave divine, and a teacher of morality. He obtained several preferments and dignities in the church, and was a tolerable Latin poet. The "Ecclesiastes" was translated by him into hexameters, in the same language. There are two miscellanies of his Latin poetry extant, the one entitled "Sylva," and the other "*Poemata Varia et Externa.*" In the Sylva he says, that he had begun to translate the Iliad, but had proceeded no farther than the fourth book; and he mentions, likewise, his having been the author of a version of Gregory Nazianzen's Greek Epigrams; but whether into Latin or into English has not been ascertained.

What regard might be paid to the epigrammatic exertions of the ancient father we are not able to say; but we may be well assured that a translation from Martial would constitute a more popular book. This task was undertaken by Timothy Kendall,

who, after being educated at Eton, and at Oxford, became a ſtudent of the law at Staple's-inn. He did not obtain much glory by the ſpecimens which he exhibited of his application to claſſical literature. His performance cannot ſtrictly be called a tranſlation of Martial, becauſe, it includes epigrams from many other writers, modern as well as ancient. Martial, however, forms the principal baſis of the work.

Marloe, who had tranſlated Coluthus' Rape of Helen, and the Loves of Hero and Leander, which go under the name of Muſæus, gave a verſion, in blank verſe, of the firſt book of Lucan. His death prevented his carrying on the deſign, which, in the next reign, was completed by George Chapman, but in a very inferior manner.—The Thebais of Statius was tranſlated by Thomas Newton.

Beſide the tranſlation of the ancient Latin claſſic poets, verſions were not uncommon from ſome of the modern poetical writers in the ſame language. Among others, Mantuan, who had acquired the rank of a claſſic, was tranſlated by Turberville.—Another favourite author, among the Engliſh ſcholars in this period, was Palingenius, whoſe "Zodiac" was rendered into Engliſh verſe by Barnaby Googe; and the tranſlation had the good fortune of the original, to be very much admired. Other productions of a ſimilar nature might probably be mentioned; but it may be ſufficient to have touched upon the ſubject.

The tranſlations from the ancient Latin proſe writers were not ſo numerous as from the poets, and, indeed, not ſo numerous as might have been expected. Golding, of whom we have lately ſpoken with due reſpect, was a conſiderable benefactor to the public in the way which we are now conſidering. The knowledge of the treaſures of antiquity was enlarged to our countrymen, by his verſions of Juſtin's Hiſtory and Cæſar's Commentaries. By the ſame hand was tranſlated Seneca's fine moral treatiſe on Benefits. Works of leſs conſequence, rendered into Engliſh by Golding, were Pomponius Mela's Geography, and the "Polyhiſtory" of Solinus; but they contributed ſomething to the ſtock of literature.—Cicero's Oration for Archias was tranſlated by Drant.—Abraham Fleming publiſhed a tranſlation of certain ſelect epiſtles of Cicero, and afterward gave a large collection from the ſame author, to which were added letters of Pliny, and of other perſons.—Tully's Offices were tranſlated by Nicholas Grimald, a poet of the age; and ſo adapted was the book to general inſtruction, that it was ſeveral times reprinted.—One of the moſt important

portant

portant tranſlations in this period, was that of the four firſt books of Tacitus, and the life of Agricola, by Sir Henry Savile. This tranſlation was accompanied with notes; which were deemed of ſuch conſequence, that they were afterward rendered into Latin by Gruter, and publiſhed at Amſterdam. If there were other verſions of the ancient Roman proſe writers, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, (which may very poſſibly have been the caſe) they have eſcaped our reſearches.

(To be continued.)

An Account of the Dreſs, Feaſts, and Diverſions of the American Indians.

[From "Travels into North and South Carolina, by William Bartram."]

THE youth of both ſexes are fond of decorating themſelves with external ornaments. The men ſhave their head, leaving only a narrow creſt or comb, beginning at the crown of the head, where it is about two inches broad and about the ſame height, and ſtands frized upright; but this creſt tending backwards, gradually widens, covering the hinder part of the head of the neck: the lank hair behind it ornamented with pendant ſilver quills, and then jointed or articulated ſilver plates; and uſually the middle faſcicle of hair, being by far the longeſt, is wrapped in a large quill of ſilver, or the joint of a ſmall reed, curiouſly ſculptured and painted, the hair continuing through it terminates in a tail or taſſel.

Their ears are lacerated, ſeparating the border or cartilaginous limb, which at firſt is bound round very cloſe and tight with leather ſtrings or thongs, and anointed with freſh bear's oil, until healed: a piece of lead being faſtened to it, by its weight extends this cartilage an incredible length, which afterward being craped, or bound round in braſs or ſilver wire, extends ſemicircularly like a bow or creſcent; and it is then very elaſtic, even ſo as to ſpring and bound about with the leaſt motion or flexure of the body: this is decorated with ſoft white plumes of heron feathers.

A very curious diadem or band, about four inches broad, and ingeniouſly wrought or woven, and curiouſly decorated with ſtones, beads, wampum, porcupine quills, &c. encircles their

 temples;

temples; the front peak of it being embelliſhed with a high waving plume, of crane or heron feathers.

The clothing of their body is very ſimple and frugal.—Sometimes a ruffled ſhirt of fine linen, next the ſkin, and a flap, which covers their lower parts; this garment ſomewhat reſembles the ancient Roman breeches, or the kilt of the Highlanders; it uſually conſiſts of a piece of blue cloth, about eighteen inches wide; this they paſs between their thighs, and both ends being taken up and drawn through a belt round their waiſt, the ends fall down, one before, and the other behind, not quite to the knee; this flap is uſually plaited and indented at the ends, and ornamented with beads, tinſel lace, &c.

The leg is furniſhed with cloth boots; they reach from the ancle to the calf, and are ornamented with lace, beads, ſilver bells, &c.

The ſtillepica or moccaſin defends and adorns the feet; it ſeems to be an imitation of the ancient buſkin or ſandal, very ingeniouſly made of deer ſkins, dreſſed very ſoft, and curiouſly ornamented according to fancy.

Beſides this attire, they have a large mantle of the fineſt cloth they are able to purchaſe, always either of a ſcarlet or blue colour; this mantle is fancifully decorated with rich lace or fringe round the border, and often with little round ſilver or braſs bells. Some have a ſhort cloak, juſt large enough to cover the ſhoulders and breaſt; this is moſt ingeniouſly conſtructed, of feathers woven or placed in a natural imbricated manner, uſually of the ſcarlet feathers of the flamingo, or others of the gayeſt colour.

They have large ſilver creſcents, or gorgets, which being ſuſpended by a ribband round the neck, lie upon the breaſt; and the arms are ornamented with ſilver bands, or bracelets, and ſilver and gold chains, &c. a collar inveſts the neck.

The head, neck, and breaſt, are painted with vermillion, and ſome of the warriors have the ſkin of the breaſt, and muſcular parts of the body, very curiouſly inſcribed, or adorned, with hieroglyphic ſcrolls, flowers, figures of animals, ſtars, creſcents, and the ſun in the centre of the breaſt. This painting of the fleſh, I underſtand, is performed in their youth, by pricking the ſkin with a needle, until the blood ſtarts, and rubbing in a blueiſh tinct, which is as permanent as their life.—The ſhirt hangs looſe about the waiſt, like a frock, or ſplit down before, reſembling a gown, and is ſometimes wrapped cloſe, and the waiſt encircled by a curious belt or ſaſh.

The

The dreſs of the females is ſomewhat different from that of the men: their flap or petticoat is made after a different manner, is larger and longer, reaching almoſt to the middle of the leg, and is put on differently; they have no ſhirt or ſhift, but a little ſhort waiſtcoat, uſually made of callico, printed linen, or fine cloth, decorated with lace, beads, &c. They never wear boots or ſtockings, but their buſkins reach to the middle of the leg. They never cut their hair, but plait it in wreaths, which are turned up, and faſtened on the crown, with a ſilver broach, forming a wreathed top-knot, decorated with an incredible quantity of ſilk ribbands, of various colours, which ſtream down on every ſide, almoſt to the ground. They never paint, except thoſe of a particular claſs, when diſpoſed to grant certain favours to the other ſex.

But theſe decorations are only to be conſidered as indulgencies on particular occaſions, and the privilege of youth; as at weddings, feſtivals, dances, &c. or when the men aſſemble to act the war farce, on the evening immediately preceding their march on a hoſtile expedition: for uſually they are almoſt naked, contenting themſelves with the flap and ſometimes a ſhirt, boots, and noccaſins. The mantle is ſeldom worn by the men, except at night, in the winter ſeaſon, when extremely cold; and by the women at dances, when it ſerves the purpoſe of a veil; and the females always wear the jacket, flap, and buſkin, even children as ſoon or before they can walk; whereas the male youth go perfectly naked until they are twelve or fifteen years of age.

The junior prieſts or ſtudents conſtantly wear the mantle or robe, which is white: and they have a great owl ſkin caſed and ſtuffed very ingeniouſly, ſo well executed, as almoſt to repreſent the living bird, having large ſparkling glaſs beads, or buttons, fixed in the head for eyes: this enſign of wiſdom and divination, they wear ſometimes as a creſt on the top of the head, at other times the image ſits on the arm, or is borne on the hand. Theſe bachelors are alſo diſtinguiſhable from the other people, by their taciturnity, grave and ſolemn countenance, dignified ſtep, and ſinging to themſelves ſongs or hymns, in a low ſweet voice, as they ſtroll about the towns.

Theſe people, like all other nations, are fond of muſic and dancing: their muſic is both vocal and inſtrumental; but of the latter they have ſcarcely any thing worth the name; the tambour, rattle-gourd, and a kind of flute, made of a joint of reed or the tibia of the deer's leg: on this inſtrument they perform badly, and at beſt it is rather a hideous melancholy diſ-

cord,

cord, than harmony. It is only young fellows who amuse themselves on this howling instrument; but the tambour and rattle, accompanied with their sweet low voices, produce a pathetic harmony, keeping exact time together, and the countenance of the musician, at proper times, seems to express the solemn elevated state of the mind: at that time there seems not only a harmony between him and his instrument, but it instantly touches the feelings of the attentive audience, as the influence of an active and powerful spirit; there is then an united universal sensation of delight and peaceful union of souls throughout the assembly.

Their music, vocal and instrumental, united, keeps exact time with the performers or dancers.

They have an endless variety of steps, but the most common, and that which I term the most civil, and indeed the most admired and practised among themselves, is a slow alternate step; both feet move forward one after the other, first the right foot foremost, and the next the left, moving one after the other, in opposite circles, i. e. first a circle of young men, and within, a circle of young women, moving together opposite ways, the men with the course of the sun, and the females contrary to it; the men strike their arm with the open hand, and the girls clap hands, and raise their shrill sweet voices, answering an elevated shout of the men at stated times of termination of the stanzas; and the girls perform an interlude or chorus separately.

To accompany their dances they have songs, of different classes, as martial, bacchanalian, and amorous; which last, I must confess, are extravagantly libidinous; and they have moral songs, which seem to be the most esteemed and practised, and answer the purpose of religious lectures.

Some of their most favourite songs and dances, they have from their enemies, the Chactaws; for it seems these people are very eminent for poetry and music; every town among them strives to excel each other in composing new songs for dances; and by a custom among them, they must have at least one new song, for exhibition, at every annual busk.

The young Mustee, who came with me to the Mucclasses from Mobile, having Chactaw blood in his veins from his mother, was a sensible young fellow, and by his father had been instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic, and could speak English very well. He took it into his head to travel into the Chactaw country: his views were magnanimous, and his designs in the highest degree commendable, nothing less than to inform himself of every species of arts and sciences,

that

that might be of uſe and advantage when introduced into his own country, but more particularly muſic and poetry. With theſe views he privately left the nation, went to Mobile, and there entered into the ſervice of the trading company to the Chactaws, as a white man; his eaſy, communicative, active, and familiar diſpoſition and manners, being agreeable to that people, procured him acceſs every where, and favoured his ſubtility and artifice: at length, however, the Chactaws hearing of his lineage and conſanguinity with the Creeks, by the father's ſide, pronounced him a Creek, and conſequently an enemy and a ſpy among them, and ſecretly reſolved to diſpatch him.

The young philoſopher got notice of their ſuſpicions, and hoſtile intentions, in time to make his eſcape; though cloſely purſued, he kept a head of his ſanguinary purſuers, arrived at Mobile, and threw himſelf under the protection of the Engliſh, entered the ſervice of the trader of Mucclaſſe, who was then ſetting off for the nation, and notwithſtanding the ſpeed with which he travelled, narrowly eſcaped the ardour and vigilance of his purſuing enemies; who ſurpriſed a company of emigrants, in the deſarts of Schambe, the very night after we met them, expecting to intercept him thereabout.

The young traveller having learned all their moſt celebrated new ſongs and poetry, at a great dance and feſtival in the Mucclaſſe, a day or two after our arrival, the youth preſſed him to give out ſome of his new ſongs; he complied with their entreaties, and the ſongs and dances went round with harmony and eclat.

There was a young Chactaw ſlave girl in the circle, who ſoon after diſcovered very affecting ſenſations of affliction and diſtreſs of mind, and before the concluſion of the dance, many of her companions complimented her with ſympathetic ſighs and tears, from their own ſparkling eyes. As ſoon as I had an opportunity, I required of the young Orpheus, the cauſe of that ſong being ſo diſtreſſing to the young ſlave. He replied, that when ſhe was taken captive, her father and brothers were ſlain in the conteſt, and ſhe underſtanding the ſenſe of the ſong, called to remembrance the tragical fate of her family, and could not forbear weeping at the recital.

The meaning of the chorus was,

All men muſt ſurely die,
Tho' no one knows how ſoon,
Yet when the time ſhall come,
The event may be joyful.

 Theſe

Theſe doleful moral ſongs or elegies, have a quick and ſenſible effect on their paſſions, and diſcover a lively affection and ſenſibility: their countenance now dejected, again, by an eaſy tranſition, becomes gently elevated, as if in ſolemn addreſs or ſupplication, accompanied with a tremendous, ſweet, lamentable voice: a ſtranger is for a moment loſt to himſelf as it were, or his mind, aſſociated with a perſon immediately affected, is in danger of revealing his own diſtreſs unawares.

They have a variety of games for exerciſe and paſtime; ſome particular to the men, ſome to the female ſex, and others wherein both ſexes are engaged.

The ball play is eſteemed the moſt noble and manly exerciſe. This game is exhibited in an extenſive level plain, uſually contiguous to the town: the inhabitants of one town play againſt another, in conſequence of a challenge, when the youth of both ſexes are often engaged, and ſometimes ſtake their whole ſubſtance. Here they perform amazing feats of ſtrength and agility. The game principally conſiſts in taking and carrying off the ball from the oppoſite party, after being hurled into the air, midway between two high pillars, which are the goals, and the party who bears off the ball to their pillar wins the game; each perſon has a racquet or hurl, which is an implement of a very curious conſtruction, ſomewhat reſembling a ladle or little hoop-net, with a handle near three feet in length, the hoop and handle of wood, and the netting of thongs of raw hide, or tendons of an animal.

The foot ball is likewiſe a favourite, manly diverſion with them. Feaſting and dancing in the ſquare at evenings, ends all their games.

They have beſides, feaſts or feſtivals almoſt for every month in the year, which are chiefly dedicated to hunting and agriculture.

The buſk, or feaſt of firſt fruits, is their principal feſtival; this ſeems to end the laſt, and begin the new year.

It commences in Auguſt, when their new crops of corn are arrived to perfect maturity: and every town celebrates the buſk ſeparately, when their own harveſt is ready.

If they have any religious rite or ceremony, this feſtival is its moſt ſolemn celebration.

When a town celebrates the buſk, having previouſly provided themſelves with new clothes, new pots, pans and other houſehold utenſils and furniture, they collect all their worn out clothes and other deſpicable things, ſweep and cleanſe their houſes, ſquares, and the whole town, of their filth, which with all the

remaining grain and other old provisions, they cast together into one common heap, and consume it with fire. After having taken medicine, and fasted for three days, all the fire in the town is extinguished. During this fast they abstain from the gratification of every appetite and passion whatever. A general amnesty is proclaimed, all malefactors may return to their town, and they are absolved from their crimes, which are now forgotten, and they restored to favour.

On the fourth morning, the high priest, by rubbing dry wood together, produces new fire in the public square, from whence every habitation in the town is supplied with the new and pure flame.

Then the women go forth to the harvest field, and bring from thence new corn and fruits, which being prepared in the best manner, in various dishes, and drink withal, is brought with solemnity to the square, where the people are assembled, apparelled in their new clothes and decorations. The men having regaled themselves, the remainder is carried off and distributed among the families of the town. The women and children solace themselves in their separate families, and in the evening repair to the public square, where they dance, sing, and rejoice during the whole night, observing a proper and exemplary decorum: This continues three days, and the four following days they receive visits, and rejoice with their friends from neighbouring towns, who have purified and prepared themselves.

A N E C D O T E S.

IT was a remark of Dr. Johnson, that a man should not talk of himself, nor much of any particular person. He should take care not to be made a proverb; and therefore should avoid having any one topick of which people can say, "We shall hear him upon it." There was (said he) a Dr. Oldfield, who was always talking of the Duke of Marlborough. He came into a Coffee-House one day, and told that his Grace had spoken in the House of Lords for half an hour. "Did he indeed speak for half an hour?" (said Belchier, the surgeon.) "Yes."—"And what did he say of Dr. Oldfield?"—"Nothing."—"Why, then, Sir, he was very ungrateful; for Dr. Oldfield could not have spoken for a quarter of an hour without saying something of him."

Soon after Lord Chatham had turned out the Duke of Newcastle, he dined in company with Lord Granville. "Mr. Pitt," said he, "I will give you a toast from Tacitus if you will drink it." Mr. Pitt, expecting that it would be something complimental of his present situation, replied, "Very willingly, my Lord." "Well, Sir, then," said Lord Granville, "drink *Omnia serviliter pro dominatione.*" Pitt looked very black, but had, however, good sense enough to put some part of it in practice, for no Minister ever approached his Sovereign with more respect than this great man did. No greater test was perhaps ever given of Mr. Pitt's spirit and abilities than that afforded by the Duke of Bedford when he was Minister at the Court of France. The French Court, *à la mode de leur pays*, had overreached the Duke in one article of the Magnificent Treaty of Paris. The Duke detected it, and threatened not only to leave the Court, but to intimidate the French Ministry still further (who were in the most desperate want of peace), threatened to endeavour to prevail upon his Sovereign to make Mr. Pitt again Prime Minister of England. This produced the desired effect; they trembled as much at the name of Mr. Pitt as Cardinal Mazarin did at that of Cromwell; the one as well as the other having triumphed most gloriously over the French nation.—The displacement of Mr. Pitt appears now one of the wildest and most foolish things that was ever done; it was, as if an heir coming to an estate, and finding a most excellent steward upon it, should dismiss him merely because he had served his predecessors.

The Right Hon. Thomas Winnington was a man of very great parts and abilities, the friend and companion of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who wrote his epitaph in verse for his monument in the church of Stamford, Worcestershire.—He would most probably have been Prime Minister of this country, had not the unskilful practice of his physician destroyed a life which might have been valuable to his country.—His death gave rise to a paper war between his physicians, which served, perhaps, only to disgrace themselves and their profession. Mr. Winnington is supposed to have been blooded too much; and indeed, when one considers the quantity of blood that has been unnecessarily spilt by physicians, one is inclined to think them rather the butchers than the saviours of mankind.—It was once the boast of a foolish physician, formerly in great practice, that he could by bleeding extract all the bad blood from the human body, and replenish it with new and

good

good blood; little suspecting that his patient might be so enfeebled by the operations as to become dropsical; or, what would have been a worse thing for the physician, die, and cease in any way, or under any disease, to continue a patient of his. The pamphlets respecting the treatment of Mr. Winnington still remain in the collections of the curious, and must afford matter of entertainment to the well, but of anxiety to the sick.—Mr. Winnington walked up the House of Commons one day with his hat on, during the Speakership of that excellent President of that illustrious assembly, the late Arthur Onslow. He was called directly to order by Mr. Onslow. "Where is your bauble, Mr. Onslow?" replied Mr. Winnington; the mace having been, by some accident or other, forgotten to have been placed upon the table.

SINGULAR FACT.

A Smuggler who lives not far from Stokesley, in Yorkshire, and is completely blind, can notwithstanding go five and twenty miles over the High Moors, where the country is perfectly tractless and dangerous, from bogs and rocks, merely by the help of his stick. He is a remarkably athletic man, and walks, notwithstanding his blindness, faster than men commonly do. He can find his way over every part of the Moors, with perfect ease.

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to W. W.'s Rebus, inserted the 10th of September.

BY the 23d problem of Simpson's Annuities, annexed to his Select Exercises, the respective sums that the three brothers ought to pay are found to be 691l. and 2-3ds, 621l. and 2-3ds, and 556l. and 2-3ds, whose sum is 1870l. which is the exact value of the estate on the longest of the three lives, as found by his 10th problem.

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to W. W.'s Rebus, inserted the 29th of October.

INGENIOUS COLES, well skill'd in mystic lore,
To please his brother riddlers oft essays,

And while we read his lucubrations o'er,
We are conſtrain'd to ſay he merits praiſe.

*** We have received the like anſwer from I. Salter, of Payhembury; S. Hill, near Dawliſh; and T. C. of Grampound.

Anſwer, by T. Joſling, at Chard Academy, to J. Burroughs's Anagram, inſerted November 5.

LEAH is the woman's name I find,
And then the ſame aright tranſpoſe,
ELAH's the valley it will bring to mind,
With eaſe I did the ſame diſcloſe.

§‡§ We have received the like anſwer from M. Roberts, of Mr. Rowe's ſchool at Probus; W. H. of Dean Prior; and W. Brewer, of Taunton.

A CHARADE, *by J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary.*

GO to Briſtol, Bath, or London,
Search the markets all around;
There my firſt you will diſcover,
Plenteouſly it doth abound.

Go ſearch the rooms where gameſters play,
There my ſecond you'll behold:
Now pry ye bards to find out both,
And then my name you will unfold.

A REBUS, *by James Cooke, of Grampound, in the County of Cornwall.*

A King of Iſrael firſt deſcribe;
A prieſt of Bacchus find;
And one of Neptune's num'rous tribe,
You alſo muſt define;
A pleaſing ſcience next obtain,
Of which I am a lover;

A ſong

A ſong of triumph then explain;
And laſt a bird diſcover:
The initials find, and them connect,
A term in muſick you'll detect.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Williams junior, of Redruth.*

LIKE freeborn princes I am unconfin'd,
As rapid ſtreams, the raging waves or wind,
Beyond the reach of human laws to bind.
From pole to pole, from earth to heaven I roam,
Tho' never abſent from my native home;
More ſwift than arrows from the bow I fly,
And in a moment mount above the ſky;
Yet mortals day and night I ſtill attend,
And make them happy when I am a friend;
But if a foe, tho' ſeeming joy abound,
No real ſatisfaction can be found;
Peaſants and kings I likewiſe wait upon,
Poſſeſs'd by all, yet viſible to none;
In vain my company the wicked ſhun;
From me in vain coquets and coxcombs run;
If mortals try to ſtop or change my courſe,
I inſtantly return with double force;
And tho' they gladly leave me with their breath,
They muſt retain me even after death.

****

*** *The Lines written by Mr. Halloran, and recited at his Academy, will be inſerted in the next Entertainer.*

*** *Enigmatical liſts of the names of young ladies generally give offence, and cannot, therefore, have a place.*

*** *We earneſtly requeſt our Correſpondents to be more careful to render the different Productions they ſend correct, that we may not be obliged to leave them out on Account of their Want of Merit.—We would alſo caution the Writers of Enigmas, Rebuſſes, Charades, Queſtions, &c. &c. againſt ſending any but ſuch as are original.*

‡‖‡ *Our Correſpondents who ſend Queſtions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuſſes, or Anagrams, are requeſted to ſend with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwiſe we ſhall not chuſe to inſert them.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

An occasional Prologue, spoken to the Play of Timon of Athens, performed by the young Gentlemen of Mr. Weatherdon's Boarding School, in Newton Abbot, on Tuesday, December 4, 1792.

LADIES and gentlemen, I'm bid to say,
You're welcome all at this our annual play;
But yet our manager has doubts and fears,
It will not equal those of former years;
As fickle fortune turns her wheel around,
Certain vicissitudes by all are found:
We've felt a change; our chiefs are mostly gone,
Who on these boards repeatedly have shone;
Completely fraught with academic lore,
They've made their exits—here to strut no more:
To youthful feats and sports they've bid adieu,
And now the toilsome scenes of life pursue:
We also soon, advancing on in age,
Must in the tumults of the world engage;
But whilst we all beneath this roof remain,
Our only care is learning to attain;
With useful knowledge to enrich the mind,
With moral precepts, and with truths refin'd;
T' improve behaviour, polish manners well,
And strive in true politeness to excel;
But all those needful graces to acquire,
Which join to form the gentleman entire;
Is not the stage the best and only school?
Where all are practis'd and observ'd by rule;
Genteel address is here with ease obtain'd,
In conversation confidence is gain'd;
The whole deportment here is rendered free,
Looks, words, and actions, all are made t'agree.

These

These are the objects then we have in view,
For these theatric measures we pursue;
But hard's the task in this enlighten'd age,
For men of genius to attempt the stage;
And harder yet for unskill'd boys to try,
By soothing arts to blind the critic's eye;
This we endeavour not; therefore depend,
That each one present will be found a friend;
That no defects your censure here will move,
Since all our efforts are but to improve.

Our play to night a useful lesson gives,
To ev'ry man who prodigally lives;
Who by his income ne'er computes expence,
But inconsid'rate squanders sums immense;
Of this a striking instance Timon stands,
Who scatters favours round with bounteous hands;
With splendid balls and banquets entertains,
Till all is wasted by luxurious means;
Flatt'rers in crowds his daily steps attend,
But 'mongst the whole not one who proves a friend;
Whilst ought remains the sycophants draw near,
When all is gone they quickly disappear;
With deepest sorrow Timon sees too late,
And looks on all mankind with bitter hate;
Forsaking all, to lonely caverns flies,
And there with grief and sad despair he dies.

Thus much premis'd—I've only now to ask
Your friendly smiles whilst we perform our task;
In hopes you'll not deny this one request,
We'll straight begin, and strive to do our best.

EXIT SPEAKER.

Another looking after him as he goes off, says,

Since he is gone, let me just peep around,
To see what smiles amongst them may be found:

Looking round a little, proceeds, and enters.

School-mates!—Enough! Enough I here behold!
Dismiss your fears, and [illegible] enter bold;
Make haste and dress—get all into your places;
I never saw so many smiling faces;

They look ſo pleaſant I have not a doubt,
But they'll ſit patiently, and hear us out.

Addreſſing the Audience.

Yet you muſt know, myſelf and ſeveral more,
Never in public ſpoke a line before;
Your frowns would chill our dawning infant pow'rs,
As froſts in early ſpring deſtroy the flow'rs;
But warm'd by you, as buds by ſun ſhine bloom,
To ſhew our op'ning parts we now preſume;
With gen'rous plaudits then, Oh! cheer us now,
And crown with laurels each deſerving brow.*

* Alluding to the ſtage motto:
Merenti dabitur laurea.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON TIME.

YOU ſay, conſider Time, its ceaſeleſs change,
Its rapid movement; and while thus you lead
Onward to Fate's unfathomable deep,
Together we will think—together read.

Turn to the hiſtorian's page, the tale of man;
In endleſs courſe there kings and armies riſe;
Warm with revenge the embattled legions meet,
They fight as if immortal were the prize.

We ſcarcely ſhift the leaf, and all decays;
New kings, new armies, as we read appear;
The ſame imperial luſt gives war its fires,
They ſhine, and terminate their brief career.

And what is Fame acquir'd by deeds renown'd?
The ſcanty records of ſhort honours paſt:
But while terreſtrial glory ſinks in duſt,
Virtue ſurvives, her ſtrong impreſſions laſt.

No more of Time, my charming friend—thy face
Was form'd for joy, as pleaſure ſwiftly flies
Confeſs this truth, yet cheriſh flattering hope,
Man lives this moment, and the next he dies.